The

Musical



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HOLIDAY NOTES. (No. III.)

By MILESIAN.

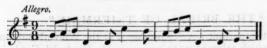
(Continued from page 580.)

A MUSICAL MAGPIE.

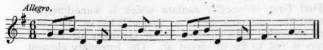
PURSUANT to the promise contained in my last letter, let me now endeavour to give some feeble notion of the musical gifts of the truly great bird whose general culture and habits I have portrayed in a manner, of the unworthiness of which I am only too painfully sensible. No one regrets more than myself that Jacob has not a more efficient biographer, but rather than that he should pass away unsung, I will essay the high emprise. To begin with the quality of his voice: It is of a mellow flute-like order, reminding one at times strongly of a blackbird's whistle, resonant and penetrating without any harshness, resembling in the upper register the human voce di testa, and having a range similar to that of an operatic contralto. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that, accepting the doctrine of Metempsychosis, it would be easy to imagine that Madame Trebelli was an Australian magpie in a former state of existence. I have compared Jacob's upper register to the voce de testa, but he has some fine chest notes too, to which the adjective "opulent" would undoubtedly be applied by some American writers of note. As to the production of his organ, I have nothing but praise for his method. Like the quality of mercy, it is never strained. The name of his earliest instructor has not transpired, but it seems probable that some pieces in his extensive repertoire were acquired on his voyage to England from Australia. Such I believe to be the source from which he derived the following sprightly air, which I append with Jacob's improvements and alterations thereupon :-



Jacob performed this for a while in the above form, until he conceived the notion of introducing a surprise, by winding up not on the tonic but on the leading note. The hardihood of this bold innovation will at once commend itself to all who appreciate an honest effort to burst the trammels of conventionality. But his soaring intellect was not content to rest here, and soon a further form took shape, thus:—



Yet even this version did not please him, though he still performs it occasionally. That divine discontent which is the true mark of genius drove him towards further developments and improvements, which finally crystallized in the following charming phrase. It will be noticed that he has reverted to the original rhythm:—



Another instance of Jacob's original treatment of airs by other composers is furnished by "Pop goes the Weasel." Jacob has hitherto evinced a rooted objection to singing this tune in its familiar form. But he has evolved a variant which condenses within its brief compass an extraordinary amount of passion and animation. I give it in his favourite key,

which shows off the fine quality of his chest notes on the C and B flat:-



Mark the astonishing boldness of the leap to B natural at the end of the first bar and the bizarre effect of the B flat at the close! It is difficult, however, to acquit Jacob of plagiarism from M. Gounod, inasmuch as the last four notes exhibit a sequence familiar to all students of Mors et Vita. Still, the novel turn given to this awe-inspiring phrase by the alteration of the value of the notes, and by its introduction into a variation on "Pop goes the weasel," argues the possession of a creative power almost on a par with that required for its invention in the first instance.

Here is another familiar air of a popular character on which acob is fond of exercising his Protean powers:—



The first phrase he leaves in statu quo, but treats the second thus with great joyousness and triumph:—



This pleasing sense of incompleteness at the close of his performance is a notable feature of Jacob's fantasias and improvisations. There is one very long rhapsody, obviously suggested by the opening bars of "Popposes the weasel," in the form of a moto perpetuo, full of daring staccatos and bold leaps, but of so intricate a nature that I should not like to do him the injustice of trusting to my imperfect recollection; for since my last letter I have parted company with Jacob—only for a while I hope. With regard to the other specimens of his powers, I can assure my readers that they are absolutely genuine reproductions of the originals. Some I jotted down at the time, others have imprinted themselves indelibly on the tablets of my brain. There are two characteristic phrases, the first of which Jacob generally introduces at the close of an improvisation, the second being invariably given alone:—



Although Jacob's production and tone are excellent, I cannot say as much for the purity of his taste in ornamentation. He is addicted to a sort of appoggiatura which is little short of vulgar. It may be that since his arrival in Ireland he has been corrupted by that predilection for trills and turns which is a special characteristic of barbaric Irish music. Anyhow, we have felt obliged to speak seriously to him for overloading his melodies with impertinent embroidery, but, I am obliged to admit, without the slightest effect. His perversity is amazing. Only the other day, an itinerant musician took up his stand in front of our door, and, to the accompaniment of the banjo, discoursed much imbecile stuff in a strident voice. It occurred to us, as a brilliant means of dislodging this pest, to let loose Jacob upon him. This was

done, but instead of flying upon and routing the foe with his brazen beak, he remained perfectly quiet and reflective. Even when our guest was parting, he made no effort to speed him. As to the mode of teaching him, we have found by experience that he pays little or no attention to singing. Sing to Jacob, and he generally mocks you thus:—



The vehicle of instruction must be more closely allied in timbre to his own voice, and whistling is, therefore, more effectual. Now we had heard on good authority that the best time for teaching a bird to sing was in the grey dawn, when all other sounds are hushed and there is nothing to distract the pupil's attention. When I was at home last Christmas, my sister was very anxious that I should carry this theory into practice, because there was no one else in the house sufficiently skilled in the art of whistling, a sphere in which my kinsfolk and acquaintances are kind enough to admit that I display more than average ability. I may add that some of the latter believe that my claims to be considered musical rest solely and wholly upon my whistling in tune, which is as though one should commend an aspirant to renown in the realm of tragedy for his proficiency in turning somersaults. Now with all respect for my sister and Jacob, I could not bring myself to this sacrifice of my night's rest. But I consented to the compromise that he should be brought up to my room every morning by the servant who called me, in order to profit from such instruction as I might be able to impart to him while I was dressing. Accordingly, for several days the first sound that greeted my ears on awaking was the opening phrase of "Merrily danced the Quaker's wife," delivered by my feathered visitor In those days I still went in fear of Jacob, and did not at all relish the duty of carrying him downstairs when I had completed my toilet. For by dexterously darting his beak between the bars at the top of his cage he could nearly reach the ring by which I had to carry it, and a peck from Jacob is a thing to be remembered. Educationally considered I fear this plan was a failure. In the first place, it is rather hard to whistle in cold blood just after getting out of bed; and secondly, I have my suspicions that Jacob resented the arra gement. Anyhow, one morning after I had brought him down to the breakfastroom he managed to escape during family prayers, and, being a godless and naughty bird, flew at the head of the household who was officiating, and like the famous jackdaw of Rheims, he had to be excommunicated. And then he caught the cough, which I have already spoken of, so that our mutual relations as instructor and pupil were not renewed before my departure. On my return home this summer I found his repertoire largely increased; and my opinion is that he may safely be left to continue his education himself. I have noticed that if you whistle to Jacob one of his tunes, he will generally repeat it in the same key, and then after a little he will transpose it. The key, too, is often determined by the character of the air or variation. For example, the first variation of "Merrily danced the Quaker's wife" is given in a high key; the second, in which the ascent of a whole octave occurs, is taken somewhat lower. In all this he shows a consideration for his organ and a disinclination to overtax his powers, or force his voice upwards, which proves him to be more judicious than many of his human colleagues.

Since writing the above lines, I have turned to Mr. Rowbotham's charming "History of Music," to see whether in any of the numerous passages treating of Australian savage music he throws any light upon the characteristic features of Jacob's compositions. On page 121 he gives an Australian

song, in which he calls attention to the way in which they dwell on the interval of the fourth. Now, Jacob is certainly fond of dwelling on the fourth. But it would be an unjust aspersion on his talent to regard him, as the philosophic historian of music regards his human compatriots, as a living representative of primitive culture. His attitude towards human vocal music is enough to prove that he is a Progressist rather than a Reactionary, and looks forward to the time when the voice shall have been wholly eliminated from the highest manifestations of the art. Here I must confess that Jacob is far ahead of such a slow coach as myself. On the other hand, his low opinion of the domestic gong as a solo instrumentwhich he invariably greets with a screech of derisive laughter -may be taken as a safe indication that his tastes lie in the direction of purer tone and more certain intonation than can be attained in that quarter. Indeed, I feel so sure that he would appreciate a first-rate orchestra, that I am seriously considering the feasibility of taking him over to London to hear the Richter Concerts. I broached the subject to him one morning, and he at once replied, "Boy!" with such emphasis as to leave no vestige of a doubt as to his sentiments. I find, however, on enquiry at 2, Vere Street, that I shall be obliged to engage a separate seat for him, and that as a means of providing against all possible interruption on his part, his cage must be kept covered up during the performance! I wrote back to say that on mature consideration I was prepared to acquiesce in this suggestion provided that I was allowed to remove the cover at the close of each piece, in order to enable him to join in the applause No reply has reached me up to the present date, but I cannot conceive the possibility of such a modest demand meeting with a refusal. If Jacob had never appeared in public, the complexion of the case would be entirely altered. But the fact is that his behaviour on several (railway) platforms has already won him the admiration of young and old. It is true that he escaped in the coffee-room at the Railway Hotel, Killarney, and was not captured until he had broken several wine-glasses. But this was merely a temporary ebullition of spirits, the natural consequence of the reaction after long immurement on his journey. It may be, too, that the strange gestures and unfamiliar dialect of the foreign waiters frightened him. Still, he is a truly remarkable man-I mean bird—and in view of his musical capacity and achievements, I am entirely at a loss to account for his conspicuous absence from Mr. Brown's recently published "Dictionary of Musicians."

"THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN."

THE most important novelty produced at the Wolverhampton Festival, which takes place this week, is Mr. Frederick Corder's cantata under the above title. The exigencies of time and space prevented us from inserting, in accordance with usual custom, an analysis of the work before its performance, but as the bulk of our readers have probably not been at the festival, and as the composition is by no means a thing to be once performed and then put on the shelf for ever, it will not be out of place to analyse it now.

That form of secular cantata which is sometimes, as amongst the Germans, called a "ballad," has of late years fallen somewhat into disrepute. In Germany its lack of success is not to be wondered at. The legendary element must always, for some hidden reason or other, form a principal ingredient in the production, and this very element has by this time been done to death upon the German stage, or rather, since Wagner took the domain of legend for his own, all the time-honoured German operas have been gradually driven from the field. When legendary operas, with all their

spectacular attractions, have to go, it is not wonderful that cantatas on a similar class of subjects should also fall into neglect. It was not, of course, merely from the absence of action that Schumann's Pilgi image of the Rose, The Luck of Edenhall, and several kindred compositions, attained to such conspicuous failure, but the apathy of the public to which they were presented had surely something to do with it. Within the last year or two, however, the form of ballad-cantata, as it may be called, has come mightily into vogue once more. The extraordinary success of Dvorak's Specire's Bride and Mr. Cowen's Sleeping Beauty, both on the occasion of their production at last year's Birmingham Festival and subsequently, is enough to prove that the form continues to enjoy a large share of public attention. This year several of the festival novelties are accordingly cast in this form. Mr. Lloyd's Andromeda follows in the steps of his own Hero and Leander rather than in those of the legendary cantatas we have mentioned; but more than one of the promised attractions at Leeds would seem to be constructed on the lines of the ballad-cantata, and Mr. Corder's work conforms almost entirely to its rules. In two points he deviates from what may almost be called its established convention, and in both we think the result is happy. Instead of writing a libretto, or getting one written for him, he has taken Scott's poem almost as it stands. The words are said to be "adapted," but the passages in which the adapter's hand is to be traced are neither numerous nor important. To all intents and purposes, his composition is a setting of the greater part of the poem. The second departure from the conventions of the form consists in the virtual abolition of the "narrator," a character which has gradually been brought down from the "Passion Music," where the place of the Evangelist is of an importance only second to that of the central figure, to the ordinary cantata, where the use and meaning of the personage are alike non-existent. Mr. Corder wisely allows his characters for the most part to narrate for themselves, and thus gains in repose far more than he loses in dramatic propriety.

The introductory chorus, "Where is the maiden of mortal

strain?" arrests attention by its persistent ritornel on B flat (the key-note) and A, played in unison throughout. As if in answer to the question, a Nocturne succeeds to this number; we may without hesitation take it as representing the enchanted sleep of Gyneth, and her appearance in a vision to Sir Roland de Vaux. A tenor solo, in C major, of some extent and elaboration contains the hero's assertion that he will win the lady if she is of mortal birth. Lyulph, the bard (a bass solo), begins to describe the doom which holds Gyneth enchanted in the castle of St. John. The narration soon becomes dramatic, growing out of a ballad-like theme, "In days e'en minstrels now forget," and ultimately takes up the remainder of the first part. In this narration a duet for soprano and tenor (Gyneth and King Arthur) is a prominent episode. Its chief subject, in 3-4 time, F sharp major, will be recognized as having played an important part in the Nocturne. The choral description of the tourney which Gyneth refuses to put an end to by throwing down the king's warder is founded on the balladtheme, and is succeeded by the appearance of Merlin, musically treated with much impressiveness, and in a broad style somewhat reminiscent of Purcell. When the sage has pronounced Gyneth's doom, the chorus repeat his utterance, and at the words "A Merlin speaks," set for solo quartet in A flat, a finale of elaborate and most interesting character begins. The phrase connected with the lady's doom, set to the words "Sleep until a knight shall wake thee!" in C major, 6-8 time, forms the chief subject of the finale, and is destined to further use in the second part.

A contralto solo in F minor describes, at the beginning of Part II., how everything at Triermain is going to rack and

ruin in consequence of the absence of Sir Roland, who is seeking the mystic castle of St. John. An elaborate choral presentment of a storm succeeds to this, in the course of which a tenor and bass dialogue explains that the castle has been seen for a moment, and has then vanished according to its usual wont. Musically speaking, the most important part of this scene is a fugal chorus in C minor, "Speed, speed De Vaux," allegro molto, with a running accompaniment. This concludes with a weird burst of laughter from the mountain spirits, and leads to the passage in which Sir Roland hurls his axe at the rocks upon which the castle appears in morning splendour full and fair. At this point a broad motive in common time, which has been for some time as it were struggling to the light of day, emerges in E major. Now succeeds a series of various obstacles and temptations through which the knight has to pass, and which are treated with a great deal of variety. A Moorish chorus, "Rash adventurer," affords an opportunity for "local colour," of which the composer has taken full advantage; a fairy garden, described in a graceful soprano solo in A major, contains a chorus of maidens who sing in melodious measure; and a male chorus offers "ambition's prize" in martial strain in E flat. Finally Sir Roland is supposed to enter a hill and find a maiden singing to the harp. A contralto song in C minor, "Quake to your foundations deep," is distinguished by a very peculiar and characteristic structure of rhythm and melody, and introduces the soprano solo in which the discovery of Gyneth herself is described. There is no set love-duet assigned to the characters themselves, but the chorus, resuming the strain in which the lady's doom is pronounced, describes her awakening and the disappearance of the magic castle. The theme associated with the castle itself is now introduced in B flat to sounds describing the happiness of the knight and the lady. Soon after this the soprano and tenor solo voices join with the chorus in a broad ensemble, on the theme of the soprano solo just mentioned. The martial chorus in E flat now returns, but for the full choir; the four solo voices are added a little further on; and a finale of no less breadth than that which closed the first part brings the whole to a conclusion in E flat, the key of the opening Nocturne. If we regard the introductory chorus as a prelude on the dominant harmony, it may be said that the work begins and ends in the same key, a merit which by no means all modern productions can boast of.

We have not attempted to mention all the allusions to the various leading themes chosen by the composer, but the most important have been drawn attention to. Besides those to which reference has been made, the first subject of the Nocturne is found in the first tenor song, in the finale of the first part, and elsewhere; its second subject reappears too, in the same song, as well as in the duet between Gyneth and Arthur, where its presence was noticed. This orchestral number, modestly labelled "nocturne," might therefore, with equal propriety, have been called "prelude," though for the title "overture" it has not sufficient development. Its subjects are both of importance in the subsequent treatment of the story, and even its figures might be traced in some of the later numbers, if it were desirable to pursue the thematic structure into

detail.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF ROSSINI.

In a letter addressed by Rossini to Signor Amaldi, a gentleman whose nephew had composed an opera, and applied to the great *maestro* for advice as to the overture, occur some curious passages, which throw a striking light on the happy-go-lucky manner in which the Swan of Pesaro performed his flights. There are, according to Rossini, three

ways of composing an overture: "First method-Never compose your overture until the evening immediately preceding the first representation. Nothing inspires the imagination so much as necessity. My own best productions have been written while a copyist has been waiting at my elbow to take the piece away, bar by bar, and while the manager has stood beside me stamping and groaning with rage, in despair of ever beholding in time the desired overture. In my early days, managers always went bald at thirty! overture to Gazza Ladra was composed on the very day of its first representation. The manager relegated me to a small room at the top of the theatre Della Scala in Milan, under the guard of four scene-shifters, whose function it was to deliver my work in small instalments, as I produced it, to a number of copyists. These, after transcribing the score with all possible haste, passed their copies on to the conductor, who immediately had it rehearsed by the orchestra. The barbarous scene-shifters were moreover instructed to throw me out of the window were no score forthcoming. Under such a method as this inspiration should come with surprising rapidity. . . . Second method—The overture to William Tell was composed in a house overlooking the Boulevard Montmartre, Paris. Both night and day the boulevard was the resort of all the worst scum of the city. The noise they made was simply deafening. Nevertheless, I worked with desperation, and it was remarkable how seldom a sound seemed to reach me, other than the exquisite melodies I was trying to give form to. Concentration of the mind is the secret of the success of this method. My last plan is not to make an overture at all. Meyerbeer did this both in *The Huguenots* and *Robert the Devil.*"

Reviews.

THE HYGIENE OF THE VOICE.*

The art of singing-il bel canto, as the Italians call it-is at a low ebb, but books on the voice and its scientific treatment abound. The great singing-masters and singers of Italy in the last century knew nothing of the physiological side of the question. They had never seen a laryngoscope, never heard of larynx or pharynx or of the "crico-thyroid," "arytenoid," and "posterior crico-arytenoid" muscles, and the pictures of these interesting objects in Dr. Mackenzie's book would have filled them with horror. In their rough empiric way they divided the voice into the chest voice (voce di petto) and head voice (voce di testa or falsetto), and these registers and some other things besides they developed with the utmost care. great Porpora made Caffarelli, whom Dr. Mackenzie oddly calls Caffariello, sing one and the same piece for four, others say for six, years, and when the latter had overcome all the difficulties concentrated therein the master laid his hand upon the head of his pupil saying, "Now, my son, you are the greatest singer in the world." Every modern singing-master has a scientific theory of his own, which he is quite willing to impart to the aspiring youth of the age for a consideration; every singer, on the other hand, thinks himself a consummate artist after he has practised solfeggi and scales and studied a song or two under a maëstro di canto of reputation. It is true that few of our modern artists preserve their voices, as Caffarelli did his, up to the age of sixty-five, or, like him, die possessed of a dukedom. Our remarks are not, of course, intended to exalt the empiric over the scientific method; all we wish to imply is that, if results may be taken as a criterion, new-fangled theories have not as yet improved upon, and are not likely to improve upon, good old-

fashioned practice. Singers and speakers, for example, will probably not be better singers and speakers after perusing Dr. Mackenzie's little volume; at the same time they may be expected to take at least the same interest in a subject so nearly concerning them as would Rubinstein in the mechanism of the piano, or Joachim in the history of a Guarnerius or a well-authenticated "Strad." In one respect the volume before us is superior to most of its predecessors; it is compiled by a scientific man of the first order, whose facts and deductions may be accepted without a moment's hesitation. Dr. Mackenzie, as is well known, is the guide, philosopher, and generous friend of almost the entire musical profession; the most famous singers, from Madame Nilsson and Madame Valleria downwards, have been under his treat ment, and without that treatment, judiciously and boldly administered, many a prima donna now in full possession of her power would be voiceless, and the disappointments to which audiences are exposed by the eccentricities of our climate would be even more numerous than they actually are. The treatise on "The Hygiene of the Vocal Organs" may be divided into two parts, the theoretical and practical; in the former the vocal organs, from the lungs to the nasal passages, from larynx to soft palate and uvula, are considered separately and conjointly, and numerous anatomical drawings serve further to illustrate the author's lucid statements, which are never unnecessarily surcharged with technicalities. The larynx is described as a musical instrument unique in construction, which cannot, strictly speaking, be classed with any other sound-producing apparatus; it bears a close resemblance, however, to the so-called reed instruments, though different from them in several important points. For the place of the plates, or "tongues," in oboes or clarinets is in the human organ taken by elastic membranes, "which must be stretched between their fixed points of attachment before they can be made to vibrate. This is effected by the action of the various muscles acting on the cords; and the degree of tension can be altered and the vibrating element lengthened or shortened at will, so that one cord serves the purpose of many reeds of different sizes, a triumph of economy of material combined with a perfection of mechanism to which there is nothing comparable in any musical instrument 'made with hands.'" It will be seen that our author, like all close observers of nature, is an enthusiastic admirer of her subtle craftsmanship, and treats with scorn the dictum of an eminent man of science who declared that the human eye was so defective an optical instrument that he would return it to any artificer who sent him so poor a piece of work. The important discovery of Helmholtz, that no musical sound is simple, but is in reality composed of a number of accessory sounds higher in pitch and fainter in intensity than the fundamental tone and technically known as harmonics, is finally explained and approved of, and with this the first and strictly scientific section of the book concludes.

More useful for practical purposes, if not more interesting, are the hints as to the preservation of the voice which Dr. Mackenzie has drawn from his vast experience. That experience, as has already been indicated, is not founded upon experiments in corpore vili. The throats of the most famous singers and parliamentary orators and preachers have been examined, and are, in more than one instance, cited by way of illustration, the author justly considering that one example of actual success goes further than whole volumes of theory. We are glad to see that so distinguished an authority does not countenance extreme courses of any kind, nor lay down a hard and fast rule for the conduct of vocalists and speakers. We remember reading in a similar treatise the recommendation that singers should inhabit the southern slope of a hill-a recommendation which we remarked at the time it would be difficult to observe for those whose lines had been cast in Holland. Dr. Mackenzie does not prescribe impossibilities, but it must be feared that even his more reasonable demands will not be always listened to by those whom they concern. We doubt, for example, whether his violent denunciations of tight-lacing will add a single inch to the corset of a single prima donna. More easy will it be for even the vainest tenor to discard what is contemptuously called the "masher" collar. A reasonable amount of exercise is also urged, but is not likely on that account to be taken by vocalists, who, especially if they are Italians, are the laziest specimens of the human race. Of the tendency towards extreme portliness, which has been noticed in most of the famous primes deprenates authorisated transmission pallocately appearance to the famous primes authorisated transmission and the famous primes authorisated transmission and the famous primes are the famous primes are the famous primes and the famous primes are the

indeed, be inclined to think that this expansion adds to the beauty and power of the voice as much as it detracts from the sightliness of the figure, were not the case of Madame Patti, the greatest of all living vocalists, sufficient to prove the contrary. The human organ is indeed the most mysterious of all instruments, and sets every rule at defiance. Some tenors in the intervals of an opera take champagne behind the scenes, others never touch alcohol and eat cucumbers. Talking of alcohol, we may add that Dr. Mackenzie does not forbid its moderate use, and he also allows tobacco within reasonable limits. The following sentence should be pondered over with special care by vocalists who turn their habitations into hothouses by means of American stoves and other abominable contrivances, and are afterwards surprised when a breath of fresh air gives them a cold:—"Over-heating is in a special degree dangerous for singers by reason of the increased risk of chill."

Golden rules of this kind might be multiplied ad infinitum from Dr. Mackenzie's pages, but sufficient has been said to show that his book is as useful and readable as it is scientifically important.—The

Times.

Occasional Motes.

It is with a kind of melancholy pleasure that one reads in old books occasionally of the high position which English music took in the middle ages, both at home and abroad. Such a testimony, for example, occurs in a curious poem entitled *Champion des Dames*, written by one Martin Franc about the middle of the 15th century, and dealing with the merits of Du Fay and other musicians flourishing in the court of Burgundy. Of these it is said that they make "brisk concordance in music high and low, and that their songs give merveilleuse plaisance because they have adopted the English manner and followed Dunstable," the latter being, as our readers know, or ought to know, a famous composer who died in 1485.

Further on we are told that DuFay and others are "wild with despite and envy," because their "melody is not as fine" as those which "you may have heard the English play at the Court of Burgundy; never was such a thing witnessed before." Where are the English musicians now-a-days who fill their foreign competitors with "despite and envy"? Like the Court of Burgundy at which they fiddled and sang, they have long since been swallowed up by Carlyle's "eternal silences."

According to a statement which, if not true, appears at least in the *Trovatore* of Milan, Verdi has been asked by the directors of the Paris Opéra to write a grand music-drama commemorative of the French Revolution, the beginning of which is to be celebrated in Paris by an International Exhibition and other festivities in 1889. That Verdi would not entertain such a proposal, MM. Ritt and Gailhard were, of course, perfectly well aware, and their generous offer amounts to no more than a little harmless advertisement of their institution. M. Ritt, by the way, seems to keep his eye on old men in preference. After nearly having killed M. Chevreul, the centenarian, by a gala performance of an operatic pot-pourri, he is evidently bent upon disturbing the otium cum dignitate which Verdi enjoys amongst his trees and flowers at Busseto.

The laurels of Rubinstein do not let Dr. von Bülow sleep. He cannot very well out-do the cycle of historical

recitals, so he is determined upon being historic "with a difference." His concert-tour, which will begin early in the winter, will be occupied with one composer only, but that composer is Beethoven, whose works—beginning with opus 2 and ending with the thirty-three variations on a valse of Diabelli, opus 120—will be illustrated in a series of four recitals. Whether Bülow will extend his campaign to England is for the present uncertain.

A "Puzzled Enquirer" writes to us:—"I read in the German papers that a new concert enterprise is to be started at Berlin by Herr Scharwenka, who will conduct eight orchestral performances at the Concert-house, the first, announced for October 13, to be devoted to the compositions of Liszt. From the names of the soloists engaged it appears that the affair is to be conducted in grand style, and on sound artistic principles. What puzzles me is the following paragraph of the announcement: 'The band will be Herr Carl Meyder's London Concert Orchestra, consisting of eighty musicians.' Why 'London Concert Orchestra'? Can you inform me where and when in London Herr Carl Meyder and his eighty musicians have been heard?" We cannot.

The latest news from Bayreuth is to the effect that the next series of performances will take place in 1888, when Die Meistersinger will be given as well as Tristan and Parsifal. The proceeds of this year's festival resulted in a sum between £1,200 and £1,300, after all expenses were paid. It is intended to raise a guarantee fund as a basis for future operations at this theatre. Prince William of Prussia, the Emperor's grandson, was present at the last performance of Parsifal, and was greatly impressed by the work. He earnestly advocated the support of this "German Olympus" at Bayreuth, and is reported to have said: "It would be disgraceful should the enterprise fail to secure the active interest of the German people, and thus come to an end." Afterwards a meeting of those interested in the matter was held, Prince William presiding, and an association was formed, under his patronage, the members of which have promised to contribute £50 yearly for five years to the Bayreuth undertaking. In a short time £3,000 was subscribed towards the guarantee fund.

In these days, when the origin of the "Marseillaise," "God save the King," and even Haydn's "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," has become the subject of fierce debate, it is gratifying to find that the authorship of at least one national hymn remains undisputed; especially as that authorship is traced to no less distinguished a personage than Frederick the Great of Prussia. We are speaking of the "Marcha real," in which the loyalty of military Spain finds expression. It is stated that, at a gala reception at Berlin, Frederick presented the MS. of a march of his own composition to the Spanish ambassador, who immediately remitted it to Madrid and had it scored for military band. From that day to this it has remained the national hymn of Spain, and the attempt of a Republican government to supersede it by a modern tune, written for the nonce, proved an utter failure. We are curious to see whether the "Marcha real" will be included in the edition of the great Frederick's musical works which will shortly be published by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel.

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The Musical Morld.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

THE LAND OF SONG.

IN a notice of Dr. Morell Mackenzie's "Hygiene of the Voice," which we reprint from The Times, the question is discussed why the art of singing-il bel canto, as the Itali ns call it-is almost a lost art, while at the same time the scientific knowledge of the throat and the theories based thereon are more abundant than ever. To discover a connection of cause and effect in these two facts would perhaps be going a little too far, for theoretic knowledge and sound workmanlike practice do not necessarily exclude each other; and there is no reason why a singer should not sing well because he may happen to know something of the larynx and pharynx and the "posterior crico-arytenoid" muscle. It is more likely that the question of supply and demand has something to do with the phenomenon. Modern music still requires a good singer to execute it, but it is no longer exclusively written for the sake of vocal display, and that vocal display is no longer in itself sufficient to establish the reputation of an artist. Perhaps a few historic remarks with a moral attached to them may contribute something to the solution of a question which is absolutely vital, and cannot therefore be too frequently and too thoroughly investigated.

Italy is proverbially called the "land of song," and the proverb in this case expresses a historic fact. It was here that the art of music was revived—if ever it had been lost—long before the Renaissance proper was thought of; here that Guido di Arezzo gave a definite character and a name to the notes of the scale, and thus established the basis of harmony; here also that, about the end of the sixteenth century, the opera in its modern sense came into existence. From the latter event dates the origin of the solo-singer—the primo uomo and the prima donna as a definite artistic entity. In the grand polyphonous conceptions of Palestrina and his disciples

there had been no opportunity for vocal display, but no sooner was the art transferred from the church to the stage, and freed from the fetters of counterpoint, than the singer asserted his right as the exponent of melodious utterance. So powerful was this assertion, and so much was it in accordance with the taste of the day, that soon the singer became the despotic ruler of the operatic stage, before whom the composer and, in his turn, the librettist had to bow in humble submission; the former being compelled to make his music as brilliant and effective as possible, and the latter to interrupt the dramatic action till the florid aria or the tender duo was finished. It is true that in most cases such a display of skill was quite worth waiting for. As far as one can judge, the art of vocalization pure and simple must have reached a rare degree of perfection about the middle of the eighteenth century. The accounts of enthusiastic amateurs left to us, and the sonnets in which gallant abbati celebrated the divine Faustina, should, of course, be taken cum grano; even the more substantial tokens of approval-such as "the fine wrought gold snuff-box," with a pair of diamond knee-buckles and a hundred guineas inside, presented by Frederic, Prince of Wales, to the great Farinelli-are not absolutely conclusive as to the artistic value of the cause producing these highlydesirable effects. It is of more significance when a soberminded Englishman like Sir John Hawkins-who as a young man witnessed the Farinelli fever ridiculed by Hogarth in the second plate of the "Rake's Progress"-goes into raptures over the great singer, and tells us that "the compass of his voice was amazing; his shake was just and sweet beyond expression, and in the management of his voice and the clear articulation of divisions and quick passages he passed all description." The high honours which Farinelli subsequently attained in Spain are matter of history. He was the favourite of two successive kings-Philip V. and Ferdinand VI.-both a prey to hereditary melancholy, which the great singer soothed by his art; wealth, and all but absolute power in the affairs of State, being his reward. But, perhaps, even these were somewhat dearly bought by the task of having to sing every night for ten years the same four songs, in the same order and at the same hour. Of the art which was thus honoured by royal favour and public applause we have a better idea than any contemporary description could give us. The music written for the great singers of the last century is still in existence, and it is on looking through the scores of Porpora, and Hasse, and Handel, and his rival in Italian opera, Buononcini, that one is struck with amazement at the human throats which were expected to emit these endless roulades, these delicate fioriture, these prolonged shakes and trills. The voice is here treated like any other musical instrument, and the limits of breath and of tone seem to be utterly disregarded. In addition to these marvellous feats of agilità, the singer had to command the breadth of style and power of voice necessary for the more sustained melodious passages.

The exclusive cultivation of vocal skill was at once the glory and the bane of the Italian school. A singer intent upon his shakes and scales could not possibly think of the dramatic action suitable to the situation, neither was the

musician writing for him likely to regard the higher claims of his art for which the public had lost all taste and appreciation. In the same measure as the feeling for the dramatic proprieties in musical art was reawakened by the great musicians of Germany-Gluck, Mozait, and others-the supreme rule of the singer began to decline, and he was gradually reduced to his proper task of interpreting the intentions of dramatist and composer: while the orchestra, formerly little more than an accompanying instrument, became at the same time an important exponent of the action. Mozart, Verdi, Meyerbeer, Wagner, and other masters, have at various times been credited with this victory of the composer over the vocalist, or charged with the destruction of the art of singing, according to the standpoint of their critics. It is, unfortunately, true that the progress of musico-dramatic art has been accompanied by the decline of vocal skill, and the fact is easily accounted for. Not that good singing is less required in the music of Wagner than in that of Pergolesi; but there are in it certainly fewer opportunities for independent vocal display, and with these opportunities the chief inducement for practising the bel canto is gone. The great mistake of the earlier masters was that they transferred to the stage the vocal exercises which belonged to the schoolroom. An old-fashioned aria of the florid type is little more than a series of solfeggi, well adapted to produce the voice, but worthless as a medium of dramatic expression. Unfortunately, most modern singers fail to see the matter in this light, and being no longer allowed to practise their exercises before the footlights they refuse to practise them at all, the result being such as has already been indicated. We still have a few excellent teachers and a number of gifted and highly accomplished singers, but there is no longer a school of vocal art-a "land of song." For Italy has no longer any just claim to that title, and singing may be learnt in London and Paris and Vienna as well as, if not better than, in Rome or Venice.

We now come to a second and more practical question: Why should opera continue to be sung in Italian, since Italian opera as a distinctive style of art has ceased to exist? The most obvious reason is that Italian is in a manner the international language of music, even as French is that of diplomacy - a language with which every singer is or should be familiar, as that most adapted to musical expression We are far from undervaluing the advantages of such a universal medium of speech, or of the sonorous beauty of the lingua di si. At the same time, these advantages are more than overbalanced by the desire of every musical people to have its national opera sung in its own language To that desire the Italian opera has fallen a victim in France and Germany The contest between Gluckists and Piccinists in France, and the victory of the national principle, albeit represented by a foreigner, are known to every student of musical history; and the struggle between Morlacchi and Weber at Dresden, although less notorious, was no less decisive in its results. That the same struggle will have to be gone through and will end in the same way among us is not a matter of doubt to those who believe in the musical future of England. Neither is there any fear that English opera, when once it has taken

its proper place, will fail to attract the leading vocalists of all countries, provided native talent should be found insufficient to supply its wants. Singers are a polyglot race, and easily adapt themselves to circumstances. During the struggle of the French and Italian schools in Paris, Rousseau asserted that his own language was entirely unsuited to musical utterance. "Je crois avoir fait voir," he wrote, "qu'il n'y a ni mesure ni mélodie dans la musique française, parceque la langue n'en est pas susceptible; que le chant français n'est qu'un aboyement continuel insupportable à toute oreille non prévenue." The opinion thus emphatically expressed did not, however, prevent him from writing the libretto and the music of one of the prettiest French operettas in existence, much less did it impede or delay the establishment of a national school of dramatic music in Paris. And the same may be said of the absurd prejudice against our own language as a musical medium which still obtains in certain quarters. Foreign prima-donnas are fond of shining in the simple ballads of English and Scotch growth, suitably adorned according to operatic notions. Both Madame Nilsson and Madame Albani have, we believe, essayed the part of Elsa in German with considerable success. These and other great singers will, we have little doubt, be found equally willing to sing English opera in English when called upon to do so.

What then, we finally ask, is to become of Italian opera? Has it no further mission to fulfil, and will it in consequence be crushed by other artistic growths more fit to survive? We sincerely trust not. Let Italy reassert its historic position of the "land of song"; let its opera once more become the school of vocal art—the standard of pure taste by which the achievements of other nations can be judged—and its position, in this country at least, will be secured.

"Adusical World" Stories.

THE SWAN.

By THEODORE DE BANVILLE.

"YES, my dear Giacomelli, I shall be ever grateful to you for teaching me the language of birds, which is to you as familiar as it once was to the heaven-born Aristophanes. Thanks to you I understand them all—the quail, the hoopoe, and the jay; the parliamentary parrokeet; the cranes, who are nothing if not sociable; the goose, all tenderness; the untiring swallow, free denizen of the skies; the chaffinch, the redbreast, and the sun's daughter, the lark; and all the other birds."

At Asnières on that dull, stormy, stifling night in spring, when Daniel Berrus died of the wound he had just received in duel, I knew what the nightingale was singing, when, amid the snatches of his fever ish, dazzling love-song, he raised a pæan over the poet and musician who was to die so young. Handsome, and twenty years of age, he lay there, pale as his blood-stained shirt, drowned in the gleaming waves of his golden hair.

Daniel had come to Paris stirred by the revival whose dawn we see; which is destined to recall the days of Orpheus, and make of poetry and music, now laughably divorced, a single art of voice and note, of speech and song, embracing in its infinite variety all thought and music. Already his first lyrical symphony—an Andromeda, in which his young masters saw promise of keen originality—had been begun, when his short life was ended by a catastrophe deplorable in its yulgarity.

At the Pasdeloup concert, during the *Entr' acte*, Daniel Berrus was suddenly awakened from his reverie. There were sounds of violent altercation, and he saw near him a lady without escort, pursued by a fashionably-dressed young man. She was complaining bitterly of being insulted. The young man, not heeding her angry protestations, was forcibly holding the hands of the unknown lady in his own; and, to the reproaches she heaped upon him, replied in a tone of irony with insolent words of love. Daniel interfered to help the lady, to the great astonishment of the young man, who politely but abruptly told him that this was a private matter in which he would repent his interference.

But as the lady's wrath redoubled, and she still struggled impatiently to free herself, the poet, since words had no effect, resorted to force, and treated the too impetuous lover in such wise that a hostile meeting became inevitable. And so a duel was fought. Daniel Berrus was run through the lung, and that is why he lay in death agony in that little room through whose open window I could distinctly hear what the nightingale was singing, amid the blossoms of the gloomy chestnut trees.

We were not alone, Paul Adnet and myself, as we watched over the last moments of our young and ill-starred friend. The woman he had championed had felt bound to come and sit by his bedside, and we had recognized in her the pretty and celebrated Caroline Aspe, whose infinite silliness has become a proverb.

Truth to tell, Daniel had defended her much more than she desired. Her indignation against the enterprizing speculator, Edmund Loriol, was principally due to a preference which he had shown towards her friend Juliette Laure, at a recent supper party at the Café Anglais. But now that the poet had been wounded for her sake, Mlle. Aspe, though she had a horror of all sad scenes, felt that to play the Sister of Mercy was her bounden duty, as indicated by her recollection of the innumerable novels she had read.

First of all, she had hunted up from her wardrobe a dress appropriate to the occasion; not too bright, of course, and not black either, for fear of the impression it might produce on the dying man. What she at last decided on was marvellously appropriate, it must be admitted.

A dress of grey crêpe de Chine with trimmings of bronze green faille. From her hat, with only a bit of orange colour to light it up, down to her very stockings, the harmony of these two colours was preserved; and the bunch of mignonette with an orange coloured bud worn at her neck, the mantle of grey English cloth, without button-holes, but with long flaps, and ornamented with one bow very high in front, and another very low behind; and lastly her shoes of austere sheen, completed this severe apparel.

But when one has made up for a part, the next thing is to play it; and here it was that Caroline Aspe was seriously embarrassed. She had imagined herself soothing the invalid with gentle words, sweetening his tisanes in cups of elegant and tragic shape. She knew not how to act by the death-bed of a man who had hardly strength to murmur a few words, and who must be kept quiet. She felt completely out of place, and all she could think of was simply nothing. Then it struck her that Daniel did not look at all handsome. She had an uneasy wish to get away. The close stormy atmosphere which was more unbearable in a sick chamber, distressed and made her ill at ease. Her attention was above all engrossed by her hands which were tiny and over-plump. She had drawn off her gloves and kept bestowing most minute attention on her nails, rosy with tinctures and polished by the barber's patient file.

We took pity on her and begged her to go back to Paris for a little rest. She could do so easily for her carriage was waiting in the street, and we assured her that nothing would happen during her

Our inspiration was the happier because Daniel roused himself when she had gone, regained a little strength, and during this hour which was his last, spoke to us of his art like one inspired. For loosened from the trammels of the flesh, his soul already heard the eternal harmonies, and clearly saw into that beyond, for which our eager spirit ever seeks, and which is hidden from us by an invisible veil, behind which Truth shines with ideal beauty in all the splendour of triumphant glory.

Meanwhile, thus sang the nightingale. "Musician, oh brother mine, thou diest well. Lover-like hast thou sung thy first-born odes,

no artist-slave to the ignoble herd. Not thine to tinkle the fool's-bells of operetta, to haunt the antechamber of the manager, and breathe all day the poisonous atmosphere of theatres where three-cornered lanterns shed a funereal light. Not thine to breathe thy inspiration into virtuosi or marionets. But thou wilt go through the boundless heavens where bloom the lilies of light, and the blushing roses of joy to mingle thy voice with the ecstatic chorus of the stars.

"Thou diest at twenty, handsome, frank, and true, unscarred by Life's keen talons. Thou diest ideally—for that which is most beautiful on earth—a woman; and that the sacrifice may be more pure and more complete, thou art dying for the absurdest of her sex—a woman with less brain than a linnet, less understanding than a humming-bird!

"And now, musician, brother, free and soaring even as we, thou shalt spread thy wings, aspire, and contemplate the infinite, walk amid the stars and mount with bounding tread the azure steps, passing in rapture through the upper heavens among the unbodied spirits, and fill them with the sweet elixir of thy lyric strain."

(To be continued.)

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Thursday morning was occupied with Gounod's sacred trilogy Mors et Vita, and that its drawing power is not as yet on the wane, all those who with some difficulty reached their seats to hear it can bear witness. Judging by the appearance of the cathedral, nearly every ticket must have been sold, a pleasant sight for those responsible for the choice of this work, a somewhat bold one when we regard its Romish tendencies; such as its Papal dedication, allusions to the Virgin Mary, and passages in the Latin text referring to Purgatory. The nature of the oratorio being so well known, one must be content with a brief notice of the performance itself, which may be regarded as eminently satisfactory. The work for the soloists which is rather unevenly distributed, the solos for the tenor and contralto being especially few and far between, was most efficiently rendered by the same artists who created the parts on its first performance at Birmingham, viz., Mesdames Albani and Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley. Band and chorus, the latter with some few slight exceptions, did their share of the work admirably, and to Mr. Williams special praise is due for his care and energy in revealing the beauties of the orchestration. The evening's concert at the Shire Hall was in every way a success, in fact it would be difficult to realize a better rendering of Cowen's Seeping Beauty than here took place; this is not to be wondered at seeing the solo quartet included Madame Albani, Madame Patey, and Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Cowen himself conducting. Although not highly dramatic, Mr. Cowen writes in a melodious and captivating vein, and not a dull bar is to be found in the whole work. The audience were profuse in their applause, but, happily for the continuity of the plot, encores were not insisted on, Madame Albani wisely declining an appeal to repeat "Whither away, my heart?" sung with a perfect sense of artistic perception, and with a display of great bravura. After this triumph, it will not be surprising if Mr. Cowen's name should be connected with a future festival at Gloucester. A novelty opened the second part of the programme, namely a modern orchestral suite, specially written for the concert, and conducted by the composer, Dr. Hubert Parry. The work is divided into four movements— Ballade, Idyll, Romanza, and Rhapsody—each clearly defined in form and orchestrated with musicianly discretion and taste. The suite and its composer were well received, and no doubt on a further hearing in London, with more care bestowed on its rehearsal, its pleasing properties will be further enhanced. Madame Albani's singing of Mozart's "Non temer ben amato," and "Home, sweet home," and the Nocturne and "Wedding March" from *Midsummer* Night's Dream, concluded the programme. As might be supposed, the final performance of the festival was the Messiah, in which the before-mentioned artists and executants again distinguished themselves, and which attracted the largest audience of the week. As

long as this and the equally familiar *Elijah* retain their immense popularity, so long may we always expect to see them in prominent places at these music meetings. When means are found to produce novelties also, no one can have cause to complain.

The festival closed in the evening with a special and impressive service in the Cathedral, the music composed by Mr. C. L. Williams, and the anthem taken from the sixth of Handel's Chandos Anthems. The symphony from Spohr's Last Judgment preceded the service, the Hallelujah Chorus from Beethoven's Mount of Olives being given before the final blessing.

It will be seen on reference to the following table that a considerable improvement in the attendance, as compared with the previous festival in 1883, has taken place:—

TUESDAY-	1886.	1883.	
Morning performance (Cathedral)	2,430	1,605	
Evening concert (Shire Hall)	451	410	
WEDNESDAY-			
Morning performance (Cathedral)	1,610	871	
Evening performance (Cathedral)	1,725	888	
THURSDAY—			
Morning performance (Cathedral)	2,018	1,985	
Evening concert (Shire Hall)	733	633	
FRIDAY			
Morning performance (Cathedral)	2,540	1,933	

The attendance at the last Gloucester Festival was 8,325. This year it has reached 11,507, an increase of 3,182.

The following shows the amounts collected at the services and performances this year, compared with the amounts collected at the Gloucester Festival in 1883:—

avria.	1886, 1983,							
TUESDAY - John Hally Villamore								
Morning service	28	13	7	36	8	11		
Morning performance 1	66	19	7	104				
WEDNESDAY-		mi.		deal		80 b		
Morning service	1	10	0	2	0	8		
Morning performance	50	15	9	46	I	0		
Morning performance Evening performance	25	7	0	19	12	6	-J	
THURSDAY-				2/31	ton			
Morning service	1	5	0	2	6	8		
Morning service	11	8	5	112	10	0		
FRIDAY—								
Morning service	2	0	0	3	IO	0		
Morning performance				132	7	9		
Evening service	/137	-1	3(1)	53	15	8	1 1	

It only remains to thank the honorary stewards for their unvarying attention, and Mr. E. T. Gardom, the secretary, for satisfactorily carrying out the administrative arrangements.

The Dean and Minor Canons entertained the Three Choirs to breakfast after morning service on Friday.

The annual general meeting of the stewards of the Gloucester Musical Festival was held on Saturday, the Mayor (Mr. Trevor Powell) presiding over a large attendance. The secretary presented a hurriedly prepared report showing that the attendance at the festival had reached the total of 11,507, in addition to the stewards and persons admitted by passes, being about 3,200 in excess of the attendance in 1883. A rough estimate of the receipts and expenditure showed a deficit of £474, being £120 larger than that of 1883. The receipts, after allowing for commission, were estimated at £3,785. being £350 in excess of those in 1883. The expenditure amounted to £4,255, or £530 more than in 1883. The musical expenses had been £3,420, an increase of £430 in 1883. The report was adopted. It was stated by one of the treasurers that it would be necessary to make a call on the stewards for a further contribution of £2 each to meet the deficiency, which was chiefly attributed to the prevalence of commercial and agricultural depression. A resolution was adopted suggesting that Sir A. Sullivan, Mr. Mackenzie, Dr Hubert Parry, and Mr. C L. Williams be at once requested to supply a new work each for the next Gloucester Festival. The proposal will be considered by the standing committee. A few other details having been discussed, the proceedings terminated im a tairs out ni

LISZT'S LIFE AND WORKS.

A STUDY OF CHARACTER.

(From the " Fortnightly Review.")

(Continued from page 589.)

When Liszt, in 1849, abandoned his career as a virtuoso, and accepted a permanent appointment at Weimar, he did so with a distinct and noble purpose. The German opera in those days was in a low and degraded condition, the light productions of Rossini, Donizetti, and other Italian masters, made tolerable only by the excellence of Italian singers, when Italian singers still existed, ruled the German stage; and any composer striving for higher things had but little chance of being heard, much less of being appreciated. Against this state of things Liszt determined to combat with an enthusiasm in no manner abated by the fact that he himself did not write operas; for he always thought of others, and his true catholicity of taste saved him from limiting his efforts to any school, or nationality, or time. The resources of the Weimar theatre were small, but the artistic spirit fostered there by Goethe and Schiller and Herder was not yet extinct in the reigning family and the public, and Liszt was just the man to rouse it again, and to make Weimar, during the twelve years of his permanent residence there, the centre of musical life in Germany. At brief intervals no less than eleven operas by living composers were produced for the first time, or revived, at the Weimar theatre, and amongst them were such works as Schumann's Genovefa, and music to Byron's Manfred, Berlioz's Benvenuto Cellini, Schubert's Alfonso and Estrella, and the Barber of Bagdad by the late Peter Cornelius, one of the most gifted younger composers of Germany, which latter, by the way, being unfavourably received by the press and the public, led ultimately to Liszt's resignation of his post. But by far the most important event connected with the Weimar period was the production of Wagner's Lohengrin, in 1851, which formed an interesting episode in the friendship between the two men, continued for half a lifetime, and parted only by death. In thinking of the many temptations to mutual animosities and misunderstandings to which the minds of men living in the light of public fame are exposed, one cannot but wonder at the ungrudging love which Wagner and Liszt felt for one another, and which will be remembered in history by the side of such friendships as those of Petrarch and Boccacio, Byron and Shelley, Goethe and Schiller. The thought of rivalry seems never to have entered their minds, although the zeal of enthusiastic partisans can never have been absent to fan the slightest spark of an ungracious feeling into a flame. Such shining examples should be remembered and, if possible, imitated by the smaller men who quarrel the live-long day over their little portion of ephemeral fame. The friendship between Liszt and Wagner has been traced by the latter himself in a passage which has been frequently quoted, but cannot be quoted too often :-

"I met Liszt for the first time during my earliest stay in Paris (1839), at a period when I had renounced the hope, nay, even the wish, of a Paris reputation, and, indeed, was in a state of internal revolt against the artistic life which I found there. At our meeting, he struck me as the most perfect contrast to my own being and situation. In this world, into which it had been my desire to fly from my narrow circumstances, Liszt had grown up from his earliest age, so as to be the object of universal love and admiration, at a time when I was repulsed by general coldness and want of sympathy. . . . In consequence I looked upon him with suspicion. I had no opportunity of disclosing my being and working to him, and therefore the reception I met with on his part was altogether of a superficial kind, as was indeed natural in a man to whom every day the most divergent impressions claimed access. But I was not in the mood to look with unprejudiced eyes for the natural cause of his behaviour, which, though friendly and obliging in itself, could not but wound me in the actual state of my mind. I never repeated my first call on Liszt, and without knowing, or even wishing to know him, I was prone to look upon him as strange and adverse to my nature. My repeated impression of

this feeling was afterwards told to him, just at the time when my Rienzi at Dresden attracted general attention. He was surprised to find himself misunderstood with such violence by a man whom he had scarcely known, and whose acquaintance now seemed not without value to him. I am still moved when I remember the repeated and eager attempts he made to change my opinion of him, even before he knew any of my works. He acted, not from any artistic sympathy, but led by the purely human wish to dissolve a casual disharmony between himself and another being; perhaps also he felt an infinitely tender misgiving of having really hurt me unconsciously. He who knows the selfishness and terrible coldness of our social life, and especially of the relations of modern artists to each other, cannot but be struck with wonder, nay delight, by the treatment I experie aced from this extraordinary man. At Weimar (1849) I saw him for the last time when I was resting for a few days in Thuringia, uncertain whether the threatening prosecution would compel me to continue my flight from Germany. The very day when my personal danger became a certainty, I saw Liszt conducting a rehearsal of my Tannhäuser, and was astonished at recognizing my second self in his achievement. What I had felt in inventing this music he felt in performing it; what I wanted to express in writing it down he expressed in making it sound. Strange to say, through the love of this rarest friend, I gained, at the moment of becoming homeless, a real home for my art, which I had hitherto longed for and sought for always in the wrong place. . . . At the end of my last stay in Paris, when ill, miserable, and despairing, I sat brooding over my fate, my eye fell on the score of my Lohengrin, which I had totally forgotten. Suddenly I felt something like compassion that this music should never sound from off the death-pale paper. Two words I wrote to Liszt; his answer was the news that preparations for the performance were being made on the largest scale the limited mea

(To be continued.)

FÉLICIEN DAVID AND ST. SIMONISM.

(Continued from page 587.)

This incident caused him to reflect on the danger to which he and his piano were exposed in a temperature that could thus place double-flats before every note in his instrument at a single blow, and he thought it desirable to return to Alexandria, which is protected from excessive heat by its situation near the sea.

Later, he revisited Cairo, where he had been offered an appointment—no less than that of teaching the piano to the Viceroy's ladies. These invisible beauties inhabited the harem in the citadel of Cairo, a great distance from the town, and the professor asked for a horse, so that he might accomplish the distance without overfatiguing himself. The Viceroy's purse-bearers refused this reasonable request point-blank. Both sides were equally obstinate, and the negotiation had almost fallen through. An artist and keenly-curious traveller, however, could let no opportunity slip of penetrating into those mysterious retreats where none are allowed to penetrate—to see, face to face, those slaves whose charms have been so greatly celebrated by the poets, but whom no person has seen. Abandoning his just demand, Félicien David was wise enough to sacrifice his ride for the pleasure of contemplating so much female beauty; he had made many more difficult sacrifices in his life.

He set out walking to give his first lesson, his imagination full of the blossoms of Oriental poesy. On his arrival he was shown into the hall of the eunuchs. Here he waited; nothing happened. Still he waited; nothing still continued to happen. Nerving himself to to the effort, he asked where were his pupils? "Here," replied shrilly in Arabic an odd-looking personage. "How do you mean 'here'?" pursued the astonished musician. The explanation followed. It had been intended that Félicien David should give his lessons to the eunuchs, who were entrusted to transmit them to the wives and favourites of his highness the Viceroy.

Disappointed in his hopes, and confident of the impossibility of teaching his pupils in the manner proposed, the professor began at once to renew his demand for a horse. In his growing impatience

and anxiety to escape from the distasteful task, so contrary to sane pedagogic methods, he would, if necessary, have insisted upon goats, dromedaries, palanquins, and an escort of slaves burning perfumes before him. But the request for a horse was quite sufficient, everything was over.

Independently of his comings and goings from Alexandria to Cairo, Félicien David made several excursions; to the Pyramids for one, of course. He was one day overtaken by a simoon on an island in the Nile. He exposed himself to great risk while seeking M. Enfantin at the Isthmus of Suez, for some dangerous-looking ragamuffins besieged the deserted ruin to which he had retired for some rest, with his little guide and his dromedary. The few words of Arabic which he knew were sufficient to allow of his understanding the nefarious designs of these evil-doers; he spent the night on his feet, a knife in his hand, listening to every sound, and determined not to lose his life without a struggle; this attitude saved him, and on the morrow the traveller could pursue his way without peril.

In the month of February, 1835, the plague broke out in Egypt with terrible force. There was nothing to be done but to leave the country without delay or suffer imprisonment for three months in a house with other Europeans, and not attempt any communication with the outside world. The prospect of this tiresome captivity, the only means known of protection from the horrible affliction, induced Félicien David to go home. He regretfully gave up his intended excursion to Upper Egypt, made his arrangements with M. Granal, the brother of his former companion, and they left Cairo together on February 18, 1835. Alexandria was devastated by the malady, about two hundred people died there daily; it would have been impossible to start from that town. The two fugitives took guides and dromedaries, with a provision of rice, dates, and coffee, and struck into the desert on their way to Syria.

It is a glorious journey—especially when one is safely returned. Several times Félicien David and his friend were without water. They were obliged to take their night's rest in a caravansary, cheekby-jowl, so to speak, with animals. They prepared their own food. The writer has had the privilege of seeing the coffee-mill which Félicien David used when he crossed the desert. It is a copper cylinder, furnished with a movable roller which can be put away inside when not in use.

In this manner the travellers at last reached Gaza, where they took horses by the coast line to Beyrout. They saw the ancient Sidon as they passed, and the ruins to which Ibrahim Pasha had laid siege a short time before.

At Beyrout where they arrived a month after their departure from Cairo, they took sail in La Madonna di Grazia for Genoa. The sea was cruel. Two Sardinian vessels, a brig and a schooner, sank in sight of the shore; there were more than sixty wrecks in this part of the Mediterranean in the spring of 1835. The voyage of La Madonna di Grazia was tiresome and hazardous, taking no less than forty days to accomplish the journey from Beyrout to Genoa.

During his visit to the Levant, Félicien David composed nothing but the pianoforte pieces of the collection begun at Smyrna, and published later, as we have already said, under the title, Les Brises d'Orient. This collection consisted of seven numbers. He had stored his imagination more than his portfolio. No doubt he had experienced all sorts of privations, the most cruel of them being the impossibility of true musical expansion. To sing and play in the open air in order to charm barbarians is a miserably inadequate means of unbosoming oneself when the imagination is so productive, and the desire of communicating its fruits to others is so natural. The first want of any artist worthy of the name is an intelligent and sensible audience, capable of understanding, experiencing and criticizing; one of those audiences, in fact whose appreciation and judgement inspire genius.

and judgement inspire genius.

With the intention of allowing to each event its own physiognomy, we have resisted temptation to use ornamental phrases and oratorical devices, and have systematically stripped the narration of Félicien David's voyage of all kinds of rambling on the impressions that he ought to have received in viewing the wonders of the ancient land of Egypt. It cannot be supposed that he was unaffected by these sights; on the contrary, he would receive the strongest impressions. But they would not have spread and developed immediately in the artist's mind, victim as he was of the anxieties of

^{*} In his pamphlet Lohengrin et Tannhäuser de Richard Wagner, 1851.

a precarious existence, of physical sufferings owing to the exhausting temperature, of mental sufferings, owing to exile in a barbarous country. To colour the description of this Egyptian voyage after the manner of the work which it inspired, would be to represent it very inaccurately. We have made every effort to avoid the rock on which it would have been too easy to founder. Let this comparison be excused. Certain white truffles when in the mouth taste of garlic, but they leave an aftertaste of pine-apples. So it is with the composer's voyage to the East. We have given the prosaic and visible side of it; those who wish to know its poetical side, the aftertaste of pine-apples, can do so by reading that musical page of Félicien David's memoirs, called Le Désert.

After a rough and dangerous passage of forty days, the *Madonna di Grazia* arrived at the harbour of Genoa; but her passengers had to undergo a forty days' quarantine. Félicien David worked during this lengthy captivity. He made experiments in writing for brass instruments, but these attempts never saw the light; and one of the composer's biographers is mistaken in saying they were employed in the *nonetto* for brass instruments, played a long time afterwards at the Musard concerts.

(To be continued.)

A JAPANESE VIEW OF THE "MIKADO."

A very novel and interesting view of the Mikado is taken by a Japanese who witnessed the performance of that play at Hamburg, and writes to a newspaper there a letter which we reprint from Freund's Music and the Drama. It will be seen that our Japanese friend takes Gilbert and Sullivan's whimsical production quite au sérieux; but allowing even for this different perspective there is a good deal in what he says of the want of truth to nature, or as we should say, of local colour, which should not be absent from a good farce any more than from a good tragedy. The statement that in Japan "a play is ever portraying a fact, and that nothing untrue and unnatural is presented to the public in my country" would indicate, if true, that they do some things better at Tokio than in London or Paris. The letter is to this effect:

"By the present letter I take the liberty of stating my opinion about the piece 'Mikado.' I particularly refer to the question whether the piece and the dresses are true to nature and historical fact or not, as I believe there are certainly in Europe enough people who not only do not know Japan, but are even less acquainted with its manners and customs. For I may assert as a Japanese that the piece contains many and great errors, and to point them out to all who are interested in the question is the object of the following statements.

"I am the only Japanese here in Hamburg, and, although I have now been staying in this city for two months, I should hardly know how to spend my time if I were not fond of theatres. It was, therefore, of great interest to me for some time past to hear and read much of the representation of a Japanese opera, 'The Mikado,' which I had hitherto neither seen or heard in any of the forty-eight theatres of our capital,

neither seen or heard in any of the forty-eight theatres of our capital, Tokio, where I reside.

"On the opening night I went to the theatre, but I was very much astonished and surprised, for the piece is not really Japanese, and some of the dresses have often a most comical effect. It is usually a great and main point in Japan that a play is ever portraying a fact, and this in my country is so strictly observed that nothing untrue and unnatural is presented to the public. Every piece is submitted, prior to its performance, to the police, who decide its acceptance or non-acceptance. For this reason only it is possible that we in Japan have never seen the piece 'Mikado.'

"Well, these are my opinions: I. There is not in Japan a piece called the 'Mikado,' nor are the names Nanki-Poo, Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, &c., anywhere to be found in Japan. They have more resemblance with the Chinese. The cut of the dresses of 'The Mikado,' and the other gentlemen is not Japanese. Such a cut existed in our country neither formerly nor now. But it would appear to me that the embroideries are real and are made in Japan, only they are used more for bed clothes and wall decorations than for dresses. For the latter purpose they are made more beautiful and of richer material. 3. The dresses of the slaves, who in the second act accompany the old lady of honour Katisha to Court, are more exact, and were probably made in Japan. But the slaves themselves made the fatal mistake of placing themselves in front of the Mikado. 4. Likewise the dresses of the young girls are made precisely after hold Japanese fashion, and although some of the girdles are mere imitations, there are many real ones. The costumes must be pronounced very

pretty, and almost like those of young Japanese maidens. The hairdress, however leaves something to be desired, for in Japan the hair-pins are scarcely ever worn arranged in the form of a fan. Among the young maidens I found some who were not quite clear about the correct draping or the folds of their dresses. Instead of wearing the right gold embroidered side downwards, they wear it upwards. This error having a comical effect to a native Japanese, a speedy change would be advisable. Apart from the head-dress and girdle, however, the young girls in general have imitated the Japanese very well, and what is the main point, they look very charming; only they laugh too loud, and in laughing open their mouths too widely. 5. The former dress of the Mikado (Emperor of Japan) was very rich and choice, whereas now he has completely adopted the European costume. Nevertheless, the present theatrical costume of the Mikado has a very comical effect, since it has little resemblance to the former, and reminds one rather of the dress of a priest of Sintoiste (a particular religious community) than that of a Japanese Emperor. 6. The son of the Mikado, Nanki-Poo, is dressed quite like a sailor, or rather of a person of very low birth, whereas he ought in his dress to completely equal his father. He could, moreover, never marry a maiden from the people, but must take a descendant of Imperial blood; for the Imperial blood has been maintained for 2,564 years until the present day. 7. Katisha, an old lady of honour, who by her white hair by no means conceals her age, yet wears a red, richly-embroidered dress, which is only worn in Japan by young girls of from twelve to thirteen years. The effect is, of course, ludicrous. If we were to meet an old lady in Japan Ressed in that way, she would be regarded as a fool, and be the laughing-stock of the street boys. 8. In Europe it seems from the opera that gentlemen and ladies embrace often, and even in public. This appears very comical to me as that fashion is not known with us in Japan. N

as I have seen here Such a manner of saluting does not exist in Japan at all, but rather in China, where it still obtains on meeting people of distinction 12. The head-dress of the male performers looks comical, because it only reminds one of that of the ancient lower classes in Japan. "Notwithstanding, I recommend everyone to see the 'Mikado,' for it is as comical as it is interesting. All the actors and actresses are very good, and play excellently. As far as I am concerned, I shall go every evening to see it, to hear sung the real Japanese song ('Mi-ya-sau-mi-ya-sau-o-moi-no-maeni-boura-boura-souru-nowa-nan-daiva.' . . &c.)
For I could only hear that song in Japan if I were to go to a house of ill-fame. I believe people would be very astonished, and the listeners would blush, if a true translation of the song were given.—Yours,

"A NATIVE OF JAPAN."

THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

Tuesday, September 15, was the first day of the annual gathering for the encouragement of the arts in Wales, and it was held in the Pavilion, Carnarvon. The Lord Mayor had arrived the day before, in order to take part in the proceedings. The Gorsedd will be held daily at Carnarvon Castle, and the Cymmrodorion Society and others will also take this occasion to meet frequently.

A number of entries for the different competitions had been received. The prize of the bardic chair of carved oak is to be supplemented this year by the gift of a purse of ten guineas, contributed by the commercial travellers of North Wales. The first prize for choir-singing is 100 guineas and a conductor's bâton. There are prizes also for the best performances of vocalists, pianists, violinists, and brass bands. Twenty guineas is offered for the best cantata with pianoforte and harmonium accompaniments; and 10 guineas for a composition In Memoriam of Lord Penrhyn. Other prizes are awarded for excellence in poetry and painting. The Carnarvon Choral Society are to give a performance of The Creation, and the Bangor Choral Union, Elijah. The soloists include Miss Mary Davies, Madame Patey, Miss Ivor Jones, Miss Marion Price, Miss Annie Griffith, Miss Annie Hope, Signor Foli, Messrs. Sauvage,

Lucas Williams, Maldwyn Humphreys, and Davies. meeting in the Pavilion was under the presidency of Mr. Bowen Rowlands, Q.C., M.P. The choral competition, open to all comers, for choirs of from 120 to 150 voices, was gained by the Wrexham Choir. Among the prizes distributed on Wednesday was one of £20, with a medal, awarded to the Glantawe Glee Society, Swansea, for its choir of male voices.

ZULU MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

In Fétis's "General History of Music" there are several representations and descriptions of the various musical instruments used by negroes; the Temps mentions two not alluded to by Fétis, which are peculiar to the Zulus. One of these Zulu instruments is made out of a gourd, with the top part cut off and the inside emptied and dried. The diameter of this instrument at its aperture is eight inches, and it is about five inches deep. At the bottom is a small hole, in which are inserted the two ends of a piece of string, by which the instrument is suspended to one of the arms of the person playing it, enabling him to hold it with one hand, while using the other to beat its sides. In order to make the sound clearer and more metallic, pieces of shell are attached to the sides of the instrument, which is, in reality, a sort of tambourine. Another Zulu instrument is made of iron rods or bars placed upon a rectangular board, seven inches long by five broad. The rods, laid in parallel lines, are attached to one end of the board by another rod laid transversely, which is fixed to the board with brass wire. A strip of wood running under the middle of the iron bars, acts as a bridge, and the part of the rods emitting sound is that comprised between the bridge and the flattened end of the instrument, which is set in vibration by means of an iron band, shaped like the oar of a boat. Between the six longest iron bars are placed several shorter ones, like the black keys of a piano between the white ones. There is very little system or regularity about this instrument, which gives forth a mixture of sounds agreeable enough to the ear, but still quite devoid of melody. Upon the front of the board is attached a piece of gourd with fragments of shells, so that the instruments can be made to emit two series of sounds; for when the iron rods are struck, the vibration reacts upon the gourd, which contributes to the general harmony. Specimens of these two instruments, described at length by the musical critic of the Temps, were brought back from South Africa, by M. A. de Mosenthal. - American Art Journal.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SUNDAY, Sept. 19 (Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity).—10 a.m.: Service (Sir J. Rogers): Creed (Cooper); (Offertory for the Poor of Westminster); Hymn, after 3rd Collect. 235. 3 p.m.: Service (Sir J. Rogers); Anthem, "Hear, O Thou Shepherd of Israel," No. 373 (Ps. lxxx. 1), Walmisley; Hymn, after 3rd Collect, 110.

Hotes and Hews.

LONDON.

ed and other

The directors of the Crystal Palace Afternoon Concerts have arranged the programmes of the ten concerts of the first series, beginning October 16. At the first concert the orchestra will play Beethoven's 1st Symphony in C, Massenet's Spanish Ballet from Le Cid (first time in England), and Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, with Miss Fanny Davies at the solo instrument. Mlle. Ella Russell will contribute vocal pieces by Verdi and Froch. The second concert on October 23, is dedicated, In Memoriam, to Franz Liszt, and will comprise several dedicated, In Memoriam, to Franz Liszt, and will comprise several orchestral and other works of that master, namely, the eighth and twelfth Symphonic Poems, Les Préluaes and The Ideal; the Hungarian Fantasia; and the Second Concerto in A for pianoforte, Mr. Walter Bache at the piano. The vocalists are to be Mr. and Mrs. Henschel. Two of the orchestral numbers will be Wagner's Vorspiel to Parsifal, and "Siegfried's Death" from Gölterdämmerung. At the third concert on October 30, the Symphony is Mendelssohn's "Scotch;" the prelude to the third act of Tannhäuser, describing the hero's pilgrimage, will be played for the first

time at the Palace. Beethoven's Coriolanus and Berlioz's Waverley overtures open and close this concert. Herr Julius Klengel, from Leipzig, will be the solo instrumentalist, and will play, amongst other things, Volkmann's Concerto for violoncello and orchestra; Mlle. Ella things, Volkmann's Concerto for violoncello and orchestra; Mlle. Ella Russell will be the vocalist. At the fourth concert on November 6, Dvorak's St. Ludmila will be performed, conducted by the composer. The solo vocalists will be Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Edward Solo vocalists will be Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, and the choruses will be sung by Novello's choir. At the fifth concert on November 13, Mr. Sims Reeves will be the vocalist, and Mr. John Dunn solo violinist; he will play with the orchestra the only novelty of this concert, Gade's Concerto for violin and orchestra; the Symphony will be Schumann's Rhenish, and Wagner's Introduction to Tristan and Isolde will be played, as adapted by the composer for performance at concerts. At the sixth concert on November 20, Berlioz's Childhood of Christ will be given, with Miss Mary Davies, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Henry Piercy, as Mary, Joseph, and the Narrator. The Crystal Palace Choir will sing the choruses. At the seventh concert on November 27, a new work by F. Praeger, a Symphonie Fantasia for grand orchestra, will be played. Some excerpts from Mackenzie's The Troubadour will close the concert, namely, the Prelude to the first act, and "Jeu de Paume," the masque music, and the entr'acte to the third act. Pan F. Ondricek will play Beethoven's Concerto for Violin, and Mile. Antoinette Trebelli will be the vocalist. At the eighth concert on December 4, Sir Arthur Sullivan will conduct his Concerto for Violin, and Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli will be the vocalist. At the eighth concert on December 4, Sir Arthur Sullivan will conduct his Golden Legend; vocalists, Mesdames Albani and Patey, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Frederick King. Novello's Choir will sing the choruses of this work. Two orchestral pieces will precede the cantata. The ninth concert will be conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and will comprise his overture to the Sapphire Neckiace, and the incidental music to the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg will play Beethoven's fourth Concerto in G, and some solo pianoforte pieces by Tschaikowski, etc.; Miss Agnes Janson will sing a romance from Ponchielli's Gioconda amongst other vocal pieces. The tenth concert on December 18 will be devoted entirely to compositions by Weber, in celebration of the 100th anniversary of his birth which falls on that date. Vocalist, Mrs. Hutchinson; pianoforte, M. Stavenhagen; Clarinet, Mr. Clinton. Mrs. Hutchinson; pianoforte, M. Stavenhagen; Clarinet, Mr. Clinton.

For the second series of ten concerts beginning in February, 1887, the

directors announce several new and interesting works.

At the end of this month the new buildings of the Guildhall School of Music, which the Corporation of London have erected on the Victoria Embankment, near Tudor Street, at a cost of £22,000, will be formally opened. The school was established by the Corporation in 1880, for the pened. The school was established by the Corporation in the art and science of music at moderate cost to the students. The Corporation, in addition to erecting and furnishing the new building, provide funds for establishment charges, and give exhibitions of the value of £200 a year. The professors and teachers number 102. The new building comprises an area of 8,000 square feet, and has three frontages. It consists of four floors, with 42 class rooms. There is a large practice-room or concert-hall on the second floor. The building has been erected from the designs and under the superintendence of Sir Horace Jones, the City Architect.

PROVINCIAL

WOLVERHAMPTON FESTIVAL.

The Wolverhampton Musical Festival took place on Thursday and Friday, too late for notice in our columns this week. An analysis of the principal novelty, Mr. Corder's The Bridal of Triermain, will be found in another part of the paper. A full account of the festival will appear in our next issue.

BELFAST, September 10.—The Carl Rosa Opera Company gave a performance of Ruy Blas, at the Theatre Royal, last night. The performance was very successful, and the English Opera season in Belfast formance was very successful, and the English Opera season in Belfast is likely to be popular. Madame Marie Roze was greatly admired in the part of the Queen and her singing of the romanza in the second scene of the first act, and of the opening aria in the second act, called forth the heartiest applause. Miss Marian Burton, in the part of Casilda, Mr. Valentine Smith as Ruy Blas, Mr. Leslie Crotty as Don Sallust, appeared to great advantage; and the smaller parts were filled satisfactorily by Messrs. Payne Clark, Cambell, and Pope. The Marriage of Figaro is to performed to-night.

BIRMINGHAM.—The performance of the Elijah at the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening last, given in honour of the British Association, was very good. The principals were Madame Valleria, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Signor Foli Owing to prior engagements, Madame Valleria had to leave after the first part, and was ably replaced in the second part by Miss Eleanor Farnol. The Birmingham Festival Choral Society have just issued their scheme for the ensuing season, and are the first in the field. Judging from the works to be performed, and the long list of artists engaged, this, the twenty-seventh concert series of the society, promises to be a very attractive one. The list of works will comprise Sullivan's Light of the World, Randegger's Fridolin, Anderton's Norman Baron, Verdi's Requiem, Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, and Handel's Judas Maccabaus. The principal vocalists engaged are Miss Anna Williams, Madame Georgina Burns, Miss Annie Marriott, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Damian, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Gawthorp, Mr. Santley, Mr. Bridson, Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. Grice, and Signor Foli. The organist will be as usual, Mr. Stimpson, and the conductor, Mr. Stockley.

CARMARTHEN.—Special services have been held recently at St. David's Church, in connection with the re-opening of the organ. The following programme of instrumental music was rendered by Mr. C. A. Cooke:—"We never will bow down" (Handel); Andante in F (Wely); Grand Offertoire (Wely); Andante in G (Batiste); Marche Aux Flambeaux (S. Clark); Hallelujah Chorus (Handel). The other part of the programme consisted of the following solos:—"Comfort ye," and "Every valley," Mr. J. Morgan (organist of St. David's); "Rest in the Lord" Elijah, Miss Ann Jones; "Why do the nations?" Mr. E. C. Evans. Miss Ann Jones, Miss Caro Jones, Messrs. E. C. Evans, and J Morgan also rendered the quartet "God is a spirit."—An Organ Recital was held at St. Peter's Church on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Harding presided at the organ with great taste and finish, and the following programme was gone through:—March in E flat (Wely); air, "He was despised" Messtah, Miss A. Bona; Vesper Hymn (arranged by Turpin); Sacred song, "Nazareth" (Gounod), Mr. W. Spurrell; Solo organ, "The Lost Chord" (arranged by Dr. Spark); aria, "O rest in the Lord" Elijah (Mendelssohn), Master Carlyle Pritchard; Grand Offertoire in G (Batiste), Hymn 446. The offertory was for choir expenses.

PENZANCE.—Mr. John Nunn's evening concert, on September 8 was well attended and a great success. The artists were Mr. Sims Reeves, who sang Blumenthal's "Message" and some favourite ballads, and the Misses Nunn. These accomplished ladies are well able to carry through a long programme of vocal and instrumental music, for they play stringed instruments and the piano, besides being able to sing. Miss L. M. Nunn played several violin pieces, and joined with her sisters in some concerted music.—The concert given at Truro, on the 6th inst., was not so well attended, but was greatly enjoyed by the audience, the recalls being numerous.

FOREIGN.

BRUSSELS, September 9.—The Théâtre de la Monnaie has as at last been opened, under the new management of MM. Dupont and Lapissida. Great expectations had been raised of improvements in the different departments of operatic performance, under the new régime, and these hopes were not disappointed. In such important details as the chorus singing, careful ensemble-playing, &c., there was every proof of a determination on the part of the directors to carry out their undertaking with judgment and conscientiousness. The careful treatment of familiar works should revive their popularity, and may, for some time hence, at any rate, take the place of the attractions of new works, in which the directors are not prepared to make experiments. The production of a French version of Die Walküre, will be the event of greatest interest now that the theatre has really been started. The opening night was not unattended with a disappointment, which must have been felt even more keenly by the directors, than by the public. M. Sylva, the tenor who was engaged for the title-rôle of Robert le Diable, fell ill, and the opera of Zampa, which had been prepared for representation on the reappearance of the comic opera on Sunday, was substituted. The performance was a great success in its ensemble, and M. Engel's singing, in particular as Zampa, was a triumph of comedy and vocal art. The second night's performance was L'Africaine, when the company for serious opera were at last able to appear, but without their tenor, M. Sylva. His place has been taken by M. Massart until the original tenor of the theatre has recovered from his indisposition. M. Massart was received with great enthusiasm and did good service in his part, M. Seguin as Nelusko also won great honours. The other artists, who all contributed to the success of Meyerbeer's opera, were Mlles. Litvinne and Thuringer, MM. Franklin, Renaud, and Bourgeois. A third evening at the opera when Mireille was performed, resulted in a great triumph for Madame Vuillaume. and for MM. Dupont and L

OPERATIC NEWS.—It is said that Wagner's Lohengrin and Die Walküre may possibly be seen and heard in Paris next season, in the Eden Theatre. Among the many French musicians who attended this year's festival at Bayreuth, was M. Lamoureux, who took steps to procure the right to represent the dramas in question, or at least one of them. The Darmstadt Opera is preparing Siegfried for performance; the directors are no doubt encouraged by the glory which the opera-houses of Dresden and Munich have won for their recent enterprise in giving the whole Nibelungen cycle. That the Munich Opera has gone beyond the means at its disposal in giving and keeping up an enormous repertory of all kinds of operas, is not to be wondered at, regard being had to the modest dimensions of this metropolis. In 1825, forty-one

non-Wagnerian operas were played, some of them no more than once. All of Wagner's dramas, except Parsifal, were given also. Riensi only once; Lohengrin, Tristan, the Meistersinger, and Rheingold, twice; Siegfried and Götterdümmerung three times; the Flying Dutchman, Tannhäuser, and Die Walküre, four times.—In Paris, the new works, Egmont, Le Sicilien, and Proserpine, are in active preparation at the Opéra.—A new opera on the subject of Le Cid, by a young musician of Dessau, is likely to be produced there before the end of the year.—The approaching operatic season at Antwerp promises well. A new work, Mazeppa, words by M. Paul Milliet, and music by M. Adam Müncheimer (conductor of the Imperial Theatre, at Warsaw), is announced, also a new comic opera, Une Fête à Fontainebleau, words by M. Armand Silvestre, and music by M. Adolphe David. Besides these novelties, Le Cid by Massenet, and Les Templiers by Litolff, which are unknown in Antwerp, will be given. The director is M. Van Hamme, who is also at the head of the Ghent Theatre.—Heine's drama of William Radcliffe has been set to music by a Russian, César Cui, and an Italian, Villafiorita. There is now a third musical version of this story to come from another Italian composer, Pizzi, a pupil of Ponchielli.

RECENT DEATHS.—At Milan, the basso-buffo Benedetto Mazzetti, aged 77. He had attempted suicide by drowning, was rescued from the water, but died a few days afterwards.—At Milan, the singer, Madame Antoinette Foroni-Conti, of apoplexy.—At Rome, the tenor Giorgio d'Antoni, who six years ago retired from the Opera—In Paris, aged 84, Madame Aurore Garat, daughter of a celebrated singer who had taught Marie-Antoinette and who was also a professor at the Conservatoire.—At Novara, suddenly, while conducting his band in one of the squares of the town, Ottavio Buzzino.—At Rivoli, Giuseppe Dalbesio, pianist, professor, and composer, aged 70.—At St. Petersburg, the Capellmeister Wuchterpfennig, aged 60. At Nüremberg, Carl Eusebius Erdmannsdörfer, conductor and professor, aged 76.—In Paris, aged 77. Stéphen-Louis Nicou-Choron, composer of sacred music, and knight of the Legion of Honour. He was for long connected with Choron's famous school, being married to Mille. Choron, and carrying on the school after the death of its founder, until it ceased to exist.—At Gera, aged 67, Robert Graner, court capellmeister.—In consequence of railway accident at Mödling, Professor Emile Smietanski, a pianist of Vienna—At Liège, M. Etienne Ledent, professor of the piano at the Royal Conservatoire.—At Brussels, Charles Henri Emile Hofman, director of the Royal Park Theatre, aged 39.

The Russian Opera at St. Petersburg is preparing the revival of Glinka's Rousslan and Loudmila for the first performance of the season. Among the novelties, Napravnik's Harold is promised; Mefistofele is to be sung in Russian as well as Lohengrin, Fidelio, the Huguenots, and Masaniello, with Virginia Zucchi in the part of Fenella.—Slaviansky d'Agreneff and his chorus have been heartily welcomed back after their absence abroad.—There is no prospect of Italian opera being heard in St. Petersburg this season; but a troupe has announced some performances at Moscow.—The projected tour of the Moscow Opera Company may be realized in the course of next winter.

The recent competitions at the Vienna Conservatoire throw some light on the comparative success, or, at any rate, popularity of the different departments of that establishment. The following is a list of the prizes distributed, and seems to show that they are given at Vienna as certificates of competency, and are not, as at Paris, reserved for one, or at most two, of the candidates that come most brilliantly out of the examinations in each subject. For the piano there were 24 first prizes, 10 of which were awarded unanimously, and 10 second. For singing, no first prize, 4 second. Violin: 7 first prizes, 3 second. Violoncello: no first prize, 1 second. Organ: 3 first prizes. Composition; no first prize, 1 second. Flute: 1 first prize. Trumpet: 2 first prizes. Harp: 3 first prizes.

Music in Lisbon is in a state of healthy activity, with the account of a new opera, Os Dorias, by a native composer, Agusto Machado, and of the proposed production of Samara's Flora Mirabilis and Bizet's Pêcheurs de Perles. This composer's symphonic ode, Vasco de Gama, is in preparation by the Royal Academy of Amateurs.

The Lyceum Theatre at Barcelona has adopted the diapason normal. It will come into use next season, and is expected to afford great relief to vocalists who have been handicapped by the pitch in use until now, a semitone higher.

We have received the first number of *The Indian Musical Times*, published at Mussoorie, August I. There is a portrait of Liszt presented with the paper, and also a musical supplement. It consists largely of cuttings from English and American papers. An account of local musical affairs, either native or Anglo-Indian is conspicuous by its absence. There is however, an attraction in the offer of a prize of two gold mohurs for an original vocal quartet, open to residents in India. A series of lessons in the theory of music is promised, and the first instalment, of an elementary nature, appears in this issue.

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